MISS LENA ASHWELL IS HERE

ENGLISH EMOTIONAL ACTING IN "THE SHULAMITE."

An Able and Restrained Performance, but Lacking the Larger Sweep of Power -A Gloomy Boer Play, Simply and Solidly but Rather Crudely Written.

Ever since Miss Lena Ashwell electrified London in "Mrs. Dane's Defense" she has been recognized as the leading emotional actress in England, allowing of course that Mrs. Campbell belongs in a different category. "The Shulamite," in which she ap-ipeared last night at the Lyric, though a 'dramatized novel, is conceded to have been the one English play of last year of strong 'dramatic fibre.

Those who expected much last night, however, were measureably disappointed. The play, which tells the story of a Boer wife under the old regime before the war who is in love with an Englishman, is solidly conceived in its main characters and situations, and is simply written; but it lacks dramatic skill in the writing and technical mastery in the construction. Miss Ashwell's performance was able and restrained throughout, and had moments of intimate charm as well as moments of tense emotion. But-possibly because of the crudeness of her medium-it lacked the larger sweep of power which was expected and which Miss Ashwell achieved as Mrs. Dane.

well achieved as Mrs. Dane.

The strongest impression of the evening in point of fact was made by Mr. Edward R. Mawson in the part of the patriarchal Boer husband who based his life on the Scripture, spared not the rod and spoiled his wife. Whether the character was overdrawn may be disputed; but it gave the im-

his wife. Whether the character was overdrawn may be disputed; but it gave the impression of a solidly conceived character
study with vivid light and shade, and Mr.
Mawson rendered it with uncommon simplicity, presence and power.
On the occasion of the first American
performance of the play in Chicago, it will
he remembered, the central situation, which
furns upon Deborah's false assertion that
she is to bear a child to her childless patriarchal husband, caused ribaid laughter
in an audience composed largely of men
and women who had been celebrating the
famous victory of White Sox over Cubs.
There were hushed titters and giggles last
night, but the simplicity and sincerity of night, but the simplicity and sincerity of the treatment carried the day. The situation was, in fact, as genuinely interesting as it was fresh and striking.

Oom Simeon has the Mosaic habit of en-

forcing obedience with the lash; and the Englishman, in love with the young and beautiful Deborah—the Shulamite of Solomon's lyric description—is of a temper to make a lively row if he is ever present at such a scene. With the lash poised above her and her chivalrous lover in the back-ground, Deborah saves the situation by proclaiming that she is with child. The fie melts the heart of the childless Boer of patriarchal instincts, and upon the promise of a son and heir his stern demand for obedience is changed to doting indul-

gence.

In the second act the catastrophe deferred falls with redoubled force. Discovering that his wife has lied and that she and the Englishman are in love, Simeon decrees Deborah's death and departs for his rifle. The Englishman returns and in defence of Deborah and himself shoots the husband. The third act brings a happy ending and is as complicated and unconvincing and is as complicated and unconvinc-ing as its predecessors are simple and

ing as its predecessors are simple and strong.

It is doubtful whether under any circumstances the play could have any great popular interest. The dominant figure of old Simeon is even more gloomily rigid than Sudermann's Colonel Schwartze in 'Heimat," whom he strikingly resembles. And, like Schwartze, he is apparently of an obsolescent type, as may be gathered from the fact that the action is laid in the more primitive patriarchal period twenty-five years ago, which preceded the Boer war. But much might have been done by skilful writing. Unfortunately neither Claude Askew, who, with Alice Askew, wrote the

Askew, who, with Alice Askew, wrote the novel, nor Edward Knoblauch, an American resident in London, was equal to the occasion. With the freshest and most occasion. With the freshest and most promising characters and situations, they lack both the requisite dramatic impetus

and the requisite dramatic fire.

Aside from Miss Ashwell and Mr. Mawson, the cast was weak. Mr. John Blair played the English lover with his familiar languor and affectation of pose. He moved about the stage like a half animated rocking borse and spoke his lines as if he were tired

Maude Granger had the character part Maude Granger had the character part of Simcon's sister, in whom malignant suspicion as to his murder battles with covetous greed for the gold in his coffers. Her plumpand diminutive efforts to overawe the towering Miss Ashwell had enough of the breadth and emphasis of the old school to make them quite ludicrous. A Boer yokel was played by George le Guere, and a Kaffir maidservant by Beryl Mercer. These six people composed the entire cast. During the first two acts Miss Ashwell was received with a warmth of applause that had the ring of more than mannerly hospitality. An interested management to manipulated the curtain as to force her to a speech, which she obviously wished to

to a speech, which she obviously wished to escape, and for which she was wholly unprepared. She very charmingly said, "Thank you. That's all I can say," and looked beseechingly into the wing

News of Plays and Players.

Henry Miller's production of Browning's "Pippa Passes," with Mrs. Le Moyne, will have its first performance at the Lyric Theatre on Friday afternoon, November 9. Ensuing performances will be on Morday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons. Mabel Taliaferro will play the role of Pippa and William Beach that of Sebald. The New Amsterdam Theatre was dark last evening, the stage being given up to a final full dress rehearsal of George Bernard Shaw's drama, "Cæsar and Cleopatra," which will receive its first production at that house to-night with Forbes Robertson n the role of Casar and Gertrude Elliott as

The new Lincoln Square Theatre will open to-night with "The Love Route," in which Guy Standing has the chief part.

MATHOT ON CABSTAND LAW.

Approves Arrest of Public Briver Who Backed Up to Hotel Belmont.

The continuous row between the hackmen employed by the big hotels and the public cabbies resulted in trouble in front of the Hotel Belmont about 10 o'clock last night, when Alexander McKenna, a Grand Central cabmen, backed his hansom into one of the hotel rigs. At the request of the hotel carriage starter McKenna was arrested, and the walking delegate, Leroy Lersner,

walked to the Tenderloin station with him. Deputy Police Commissioner Mathot was sitting at the desk beside Sergt. McCarthy when McKenna was arraigned. Lersner bustled up to the rail and told the sergeant that he had advised McKenna to do as he did, and declared that all public hackmen had a right to solicit business from a hotel

after 10 o'clock.

"The hell they have," spoke up the Commissioner. "You know a decision by Justice Bischoff last week in an identical case was against you. We're certainly very glad to accommodate you by locking up your friend, and will do it every time such a thing common.

Lersner gave \$500 cash bail for McKenna's appearance in court.

Chanier Libel Suit Against Mann Falis. Judge Holt in the United States Circuit Court sustained yesterday the demurrer of William D. Mann to the complaint in the suit for \$50,000 damages brought against him by John Armstrong Chanler and dismissed the suit. The suit was brought on account of an article published in Toun Topics concerning Chanler's former wife, Amelie Rives, now the Princess Pierro Troubetskoy.

SPINELLI POISONED PERHAPS.

Tombs Officials Suspicious of Beath Sup posed to Result From Fear. There was a persistent rumor in the Criminal Courts Building yesterday to the effect that Antonio Spinelli of Rockaway Beach, who died in the Tombs prison on Saturday, apparently from fear, had in reality committed suicide. Spinelli shot his brother-in-law, Antonio Eppolito, on September 24. He was soon to be tried and counsel had been assigned to defend him. The evidence was said to be conclusive and Spinelli had worried much about his trial of late. His sudden death on Saturday was at first attributed to this worry.

A partly eaten pear which was found in Spinelli's cell after his death aroused the suspicion of Dr. Frank McGuire, the prison physician. An investigation showed that Spinelli was taken sick on Friday. He had convulsions and a griping of the throat. Dr. Brown, the prison druggist, gave him some hot milk

Dr. Schultz, one of the Coroner's physicians, examined Spinelli's body yesterday and it is said found traces of morphine voisoning. At any rate, the vital organs were sent to the Health Department for chemical analysis.

The pear found in Spinelli's cell was the last one of a quantity his friends had

The pear found in Spinelli's cell was the last one of a quantity his friends had brought him. They had been examined carefully by the keeper before they were given to Spinelli. Whether or not the uneaten part of the pear contained any morphine could not be learned. Neither could it be ascertained whether the poison had been snuggled in to Spinelli in the pears or otherwise.

Warden Flynn denied the whole story. Nevertheless he sent for Commissioner Coggey, who visited the prison shortly before noon yesterday.

Hyacinthe Ringrose, of 43 Washington Square South, the lawyer who had been assigned to defend Spinelli, said last night that he had no doubt that the prisoner had been poisoned. He said he put no faith whatever in the story that Spinelli died of fright. His client expected to be acquitted, he said, and never expressed fear of a death sentence until about two weeks ago. At that time he began to receive threatening letters advising him to plead guilty and warning him that he had merited death and would never come out of the Tombs alive. He then became afraid that he would be killed in prison. He was donfident of his acquittal last Thursday and counted on going West when released. But on Friday afternoon, according to the lawyer, he was in a state of highly excited fright, saying that there were people after him and that he never expected to get out of the Tombs alive. Mr. Ringrose visited he was in a state of highly excited fright, saying that there were people after him and that he never expected to get out of the Tombs alive. Mr. Ringrose visited the Tombs on Saturday but did not see the prisoner, as he was reported to be sick in bed, suffering from dyspepsia. He said he thought it would be an easy matter to send poison contained in entables to the prisoner and felt confident that all circumstances, including a threatening letter to himself as counsel, pointed to foul play.

ALBERT H. ROGERS IN BELLEVUE.

Man Says Colonel Sucs Him in Sundry

Courts for Money He Doesn't Owe. Col. Albert H. Rogers, 70 years old, of 263 West Fifty-fourth street, formerly a Deputy Street Cleaning Commissioner of New York and a member of various military organizations, was committed to Bellevue Hospital for an examination as to his sanity by Magistrate Mayo in the West Side police court yesterday afternoon. Thomas J. McArthur of 258 West Fifty-fourth street, the complainant, said that Rogers repeatedly had him summoned into various civil courts in the city for money he alleged McArthur owed him. In each instance the case would be thrown out by the Justice and Rogers would go through the same proceeding in a different court.

"It's rather a pity that this man should nstitute proceedings against me," said Rogers, to Magistrate Mayo, "not that I care for the money he owes me, but we used to be great friends. We used to meet at the home of Horace Greeley, socially.

Mrs. Cleveland, Mr. Greeley's sister, used
to entertain musical and dramatic celebriat her house and always invited me for the functions. These gatherings were particularly brilliant, and Mr. McArthur and I were always together. He went his way and became rich. For a time I lived at his house. You have no other option, I take it, Judge, but to send me over to

Bellevue?"
Sorry, decidedly sorry, my dear sir, but there is no other way out of the matter," said Magistrate Mayo, who has known Bogers for some time.
"Thank you just the same. I am well known and never receive anything but courteous treatment from gentlemen. I am acquainted with almost every one at Bellevie and know that they will receive Bellevue and know that they will receive ne courteously."

me courteously."
Rogers was committed in 1896 to the asylum on Ward's Island and afterward removed to the Long Island Home Lunatio Asylum. He was discharged as cured. He appeared before Magistrate Mayo a month ago in the West Side police court, when he declared M. Libien of 904 Eighth avenue owed him \$14.02, change out of a sheel.

"Your Honor, I need this money at once, "Your Honor, I need this money at once, he said, "as I have to go to Stamford, Conn., where I expect to put through a real estate deal involving \$350,000. My commission alone is to be \$30,000. If can't come here to-morrow, Judge; I'm going fishing with Gen. Riley and Gen. Roe. My yacht is waiting with steam up now. Can't you go along, Judge?"

The Magistrate declined, and Rogers wound up by borrowing a quarter from the Court, which he paid the next day.

BOY SHOOTS COMPANION.

Young Hayward Was Fooling With Gun When It Went Off-Victim Dead.

OYSTER BAY, L. I., Oct. 29 .- Merrit Youngs, 9 years old, was shot accidentally late this afternoon by Gordon Hayward, 11 years old. The Youngs boy died within an hour. The affair took place at the rear of the home of Clarence Youngs, the boy's of the home of Clarence Youngs, the boy's father, at East Norwich. They had been hunting in the woods and had just reached Youngs's home and were about to part.

Even the Hayward boy does not know just what happened. He had the gun and was fooling with it when it went off. The charge tore a hole in Youngs's side and lacerated the right lung. Hayward's father is cashier of the Nassau County Bank at Glen Cove.

County Bank at Glen Cove. Orange to Have Municipal Light Plant. OBANGE, N. J., Oct. 29.-The Orange Common Council opened bids to-night for the new municipal electric light and power plant. Some of the bids were above the figure, \$75,000, placed by the engineer, but many were away under, and there is no doubt the plant will be built.

Best Protection is the power to get aid when needed. Telephone aid can be summoned instantly. NEW YORK TELEPHONE OO., 15 Day Street



Took Only Plated Ware — Medium Says He Left Behind Real Valuables When He Found Out Whose House He Was Robbing-Knew She Could Find Him.

May Pepper, the medium, lost six silver plated spoons and three forks on Sunday evening from her home at 258 Monroe street, Brooklyn. She says that the job was not the work of spirits, while the police, oddly enough, hold the contrary view. That makes it pretty hard to sift out the truth of the matter, for Mrs. Pepper is well posted on the doings of the spirits, yet the police have a good working knowledge of burglars.

"I'm Mrs. Pepper," smiled a large woman with eyeglasses that were weighted with a gold chain. "About the burglar? Why, yes, certainly! Oh, not at all! Why, it was last night. I had finished services up at my church-why, up on the corner it is; never been there? - and the idea came to me that there was trouble at the house. I said to the directors of the church, 'Don't let me go home to-night unguarded, please. So a company of the directors came up the block with sister and me. They were headed by Mr. Vanderbilt-yes, I'll show you Mr. Vanderbilt, he's upstairs now. "When we got in sight of the house I

said. 'Look!' "The house was blazing from top to bottom-with lights, yes. Every gas jet was 'That can't be our house, turned clear on. says sister. 'It is,' said I; 'come on.' 'There has been a young, slim man at the door,' I said: 'He broke in.' Several of the direcors followed me. I showed them the mark on the door where the young man worked it open with a penknife. You can work this door open very easily with a penknife if

you know how, The lock is real bad, "I went right to the sideboard and opened the upper right hand drawer. The half dozen plated tablespoons and the quarter dozen plated forks were gone. He hadn't taken anything from the left hand drawer. Come here. Here's the drawer. See what's in it? A ladle, jelly spoons, a pulverized sugar spoon, gravy spoons and two fish servers. Ye-es! All solid, Mv. yes! Well that young man didn't take a thing out of she upper left hand drawer. Wasn't that a funny young man?

"No, this wasn't anything supernatural. "No, this wasn't anything supernatural. As I tell you, this was a burglar—a tall, slim young man. M', well, I might know him if I saw him. I could hunt him up anyway. I'd just have to concentrate on something he's handled. Oh, my! Why, I did just that for a woman in my church a few weeks ago. She brought me a jimmy wrapped up, and I put it on the desk and concentrated on it. Then I said: 'This is a jimmy that was left in your apartment by a tall, slim, dark young man who lives jimmy that was left in your apartment by a tall, slim, dark young man who lives not many miles away. And it turned out that her apartment had been robbed by the young man of the family downstairs, who was quite a black sheep in the family. Yes, and last week I recovered a diamond bracelet worth thousands of dollars in the same way. Why, you can ask the people in 14 East Sixteenth street. They'll tell you I did. And I could get this tall young man too, if I wanted to, just by concentrating I did. And I could get this tall young man too, if I wanted to, just by concentrating on something he'd andled. Could run a line right to where he is. Only what's the use for six tablespoons and three forks?

"Now come up stairs. Now in here it was all lit up. In here, too. And he had the gas all the proof. Here is my room.

"Now come up stairs. Now in here it was all lit up. In here, too. And he had the gas burning in this room. Here is my room. See here, these bills—bills lying around on the dressing table. He could have taken a lot of bills. There was a fifty dollar bill lying there. No, he didn't take it. Funny, yes. And see here—see all this jewelry I'm pouring out. Rings and diamonds, hundreds of dollars worth. He never took one. At first I thought he had taken my new brooch, but I soon found I had mislaid it myself and afterward I found it.

"Yes, it does seem odd he didn't take anything but the plated spoons and forks. Now I'll tell you just what I think. That young man looked at these things and meant to take them. He meant to make a bundle. Then he looked here in this desk. See here. Lots of letters here, addressed to me. Well, he read some of these letters and found out whose house he was in. Then he knew that if he took anything I could trace him. Knew I could draw a line straight to where he was hiding. Those fellows know it. So then he just beat it—beat a hasty retreat. He even forgot to turn out the gas lights. We found them all burning."

Mr. Vanderbilt was brought forward nind said that he saw the lights all lit as a te party returned from church. Inside hu saw the sideboard and writing desk in disorder. Mrs. Pepper explained that she had telephoned to the police for protection, but not with any idea of having them recover any lost property. She cared nothing for the plated ware.

The Gates avenue police station records showed that Mrs. Pepper had announced that her house was robbed on Sunday night of valuables worth \$158. The \$8, it is understood, represented the value of the six plated spoons and the three plated forks. One dollar had apparently been charged off for deprecation. The remaining matter of \$150 was the value of a brooch, which was reported as missing, but which later on came the word, had been recovered.

There was much shaking of heads in the police station. Men who would not quail

recovered.
There was much shaking of heads in the police station. Men who would not quall before any tangible perils, hung back and

NON-UNION AUTO CABS OUT. Accompany the Strike Breakers

One of the cabs with Assistant Superin tendent O'Halloran of the company as a passenger was crossing Fifth avenue when Frank Kennan, a striker, raised the war cry of "Scab." Mr. O'Halloran had Kennan

ton insisted that Lied be arrested. Lied was afterward discharged.

Three new men in charge of electric cabs belonging to the company were on a trial spin in the East Drive, Central Park, when a number of strikers gathered and began to throw stones.

The crowd was driven away by Policemen Dolan, Kelly and McLaughlin, but the drivers were afraid to return to the garage without an escort. Supt. Clark of the company, who was in one of the cabs, asked the police to escort the men, but they

asked the police to escort the men, but they could not leave their posts. He then teleponed to the East Sixty-seventh street station. Under the supposition that a riot was under way a number of reserves were sent, but there was nothing for them to do. At the garages of the company natices were posted offering a reward of \$100 for information leading to the arrest and con-

BUDGET NEARLY \$130,000,000.

But Taxes Will Be No Higher, Because

Real Estate Is Worth More. The Board of Estimate will hold a special meeting to-day to adopt the budget for the coming year. Mayor McClellan has been endeavoring to keep the total down to the level of \$125,000,000, which would have meant an increase of about \$9,000,000 over this year's budget, but the demands made by this year sounget, but the demands made by the departmental heads and the Borough Presidents have been so persistent that the likelihood is that when the details of the budget are made known to-day it will be found that the total will reach nearly \$130,— 000,000. This increase will not add to the tax rate for next year, for the reason that the normal growth of the real estate valuations of the city will more than meet larger budget.

\$4 in his pockets, but there was nothing that would lead to his identification. The

wishes.
Mrs. and Miss Sartoris returned from Europe

SPOOK ROBBED MAY PEPPER?

"They don't work that way, and I've been at them long enough to know."

"No," said another. "If that was a human burglar why didn't the clear-voy-ant tell us who 'twas and leave us arrest him. Have him arrested, ma'am, we says to her. But she wouldn't tell us who he was."

"It was just another of those inside jobs," said a policeman on a nearby beat.

Several Arrests Made.

The first definite attempt to break the strike of its drivers was made yesterday morning by the New York Transportation Company, which sent out ten electric cabs with strike breakers in charge. Each cab carried a special detective and was trailed by a bicycle policeman, who kept mischief makers away. The ten cabs were sent from the garage at Sixty-sixth street and Second avenue and a crowd of strikers

cry of "Scab." Mr. O'Halloran had Kennan arrested and later he was fined \$10, the union paying the line. Several hours afterward Mr. O'Halloran was in another cab driven by a strike breaker, when James J. Traut of 239 West 126th street called out "Scab." He was promptly arrested at the instance of Mr. O'Halloran. Michael O'Grady of 315 West Forty-fifth street was arrested on the charge of throwing stones at one of the cabs.

Fred Lied, one of the strikebreakers, came to grief while returning with one of the electric cabs. Near Sixty-sixth street he saw a trolley car and tried to avoid it, but the motorman slowed up too late. The electric cab was struck sidewise and rebounded against another vehicle, which

bounded against another vehicle, which threw it against a two horse carriage driven by Samuel Kayton, a liveryman. The car-riage and horses were damaged. Kay-ton insisted that Lied be arrested. Lied

viction of any person or persons who wil-fully injured or intimidated any of the employees of the company or who injured any of its property.

KILLED ON ELEVATED ROAD. Man Threw Himself or Fell in Front of Third Avenue Train.

A man dressed in a blue serge suit and wearing a black cap walked slowly to the upper end of the downtown Third avenue upper end of the downtown Third avenue elevated platform at 118th street early last night and toppled off in front of a south-bound train as it whizzed past. The motor-man, Kalisky Wray of 4515 Third avenue, had no chance to stop his train before the man was cut to pieces. The man was about 30 years old and had

motorman was arrested. WOOLSTON-SARTORIS. Granddaughter of Gen. Crant Married to

an English Engineer. Miss Rosemary Sartoris, younger daughter of Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris and granddaughter of Gen. U. S. Grant, was married to George H. Woolston at noon yesterday in to George H. Woolston at noon yesterday in Calvary Episcopal Church. The Rev. Mr. Turner, assistant rector, performed the ceremony. The wedding was attended only by Mrs. Sartoris, Mr. Jones of Chicago, an intimate trend of the family, who gave the bride away. Woodriff Stitton, and Owen Brainard, friends of the bridegroom. That the wedding was a quiet one was due to the wishes of Mrs. Sartoris, who is an invalid. Gen. Frederick D. Grant was out of town and could not return in time for the wedding. He wired his best wishes.

orks. One dollar had apparently been harged off for depreciat on. The realining matter of \$150 was the value of a prococh, which was reported as missing, at which was reported as missing, at which later on came the word, had been ecovered.

There was much shaking of heads in the olice station. Men who would not quall before any tangible perils, hung back and linked.

"It is no mortal porch climber that was in this job," muttered one of the older men.

THE CRYPTOGRAM.

THE RIGMAROLE REPEATED BY THE OLD NEGRO, JUDAS GAY.

"A rumble souf wid a parasol at noon f'om Monday Goole's to Hongry Jane's . . . bile de can souf-wes' wid a leak in de pan, tanny-go, sanny-go, wang!"

THE PROBLEM: To Find the Treasure.

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Saint-Saens to Play on Saturday. The French composer Camille Saint-Saëns, who since his arrival in New York has been confined to his rooms at the Hotel Gotham because of a severe attack of tonsilitis, has improved so steadily that Bernhard Ulrich, his manager, said last night there was practically no doubt of his first American appearance with the New York Symphony Orchestra next Saturday night and Sunday afternoon. At these concerts Saint Saëns will play three of his compositions for piano with orchestra which have never yet been heard in this city.

William A. Hervey, assistant inspector of the bureau of combustibles of the Fire Department, died in Brooklyn yesterday Department, died in Erossiyn yesterday after a long illness. He was attached to the Fire Department for iourteen years and was formerly a newspaper man in that borough. He was 42 years old and was graduated from Harvard in the class of 1887. He is survived by his father, the Rev. Dr. A. M. Hervey of Bath, Me., and a brother, Charles S. idervey of the Computalize's office. Charles S. iffrvey of the Comproller's office.

The Right Rev. Isaac Lea Nicholson, S. T. D.,
Bishop of the Episcopai d ocese of Milwaukee
and one of the most widely known and infuential high churchmen in the country,
did at the episcopal residence in Milwaukee
yesterday afternoon. Death was due to
heart disease and came peacefully, bringing
to a close an illness of cighteen months duration. The final sinking spell came early in
the afternoon, the Bishop having been conscious for a few minutes in the forenoon.

Alfred M. Force died at his bown in Plain.

scious for a few minut. in the forenoon.

Alfred-M. Foote died at his home in Plainfeld avenue, Plainfeld, N. J., on Sunday night, aged 80 years. He was a native of Cleveland, Ohio, but had lived in New Jersey thirty-five years and a quarter of a century in Plainfield. In later years he had been engaged in the insurance business in New York, but his earlier life was spent in journalism and at one time he was one of the editors of the Jersey City Journal.

Theodore Byon Vanderveet, a well known in Plainfield. In later years he had been engaged in the insurance business in New York, but his earlier life was spent in journalism and at one time he was one of the editors of the Jersey City Journal.

Theodore Byron Vanderveer, a well known resident of Amsterdam, N. Y., died Sunday

Farmers' National Bank of Amsterdam.

PERKINS of Ring in the New! By Richard Whiteing

Author of "No. 5 John Street"

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